

BOZART

THE BI-MONTHLY POETRY REVIEW

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK



MAY-JUNE, 1929

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

Bozart

"The Bi-Monthly Poetry Review"

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It seems to have become rather the consensus of critical opinion lately that the poetry magazines need some publicity; so they have been getting it, for better or for worse (usually worse) in the *NATION*, the *SOUTHWEST REVIEW*, and elsewhere. It has been rather hard on the little magazines that "die to make verse free," but after all, a great deal of the criticism has been eminently just. Some of it, however, has been needlessly inept.

We shan't go into the charges brought against the verse journals in detail; and we won't defend them too much. Heaven knows, *BOZART* is the last magazine on earth to yelp at honest criticism; our only cavil is at the fact that the majority of people who write the articles on poetry magazines don't know the field, and have made only a cursory examination of a few verse magazines preparatory to their oracular diagnoses. Most of them don't know the practical difficulties of getting good verse for nothing; and most of them would be utterly incapable, we fear, of keeping an unendowed verse magazine going on Becky Sharp's notorious income of Nothing-a-Year.

Several critics of late have fussed because *BOZART* is a national periodical rather than a strictly Southern one. These critics don't seem to realize exactly the situation in and about Atlanta, Georgia. They don't seem to know that *BOZART* is an attempt to give the South a tolerant and intelligent view of today's verse. The critics say: Why not let the magazine express the "spirit of the South" or interpret the "Southern Scene." Yes, gladly, but who will do it? The very fact that there is no group in the South today to do that very thing, shows that something is lacking. . . . Very probably a civilized method of approach; and that is *BOZART*'s work. . . . We are, we admit, prejudiced in favor of work by Southern poets. But, inasmuch as we cannot find enough good work by Southern poets to edit six issues a year of *BOZART*, we must first bring verse of interest and vigor to the South. . . . Hence, let those who criticize remember that *BOZART* welcomes honest criticism, for that is the basis on which it is founded; but let them remember, too, that the glitter of sensational statement is often fool's fold to shin i' the maggot's eye.

Before we proceed to enumerate some new poets in this issue, we'd like to recommend an essay on the South in Sherwood Anderson's new book *Hello Towns* (Horace Liveright); it's very provocative.

In this issue we present the following newcomers: Mary Barrington (Mrs. D. B. Frederick) of Marshallville, Ga.; Norman Macleod, editor of *BROGAN* and *PALO VERDE* from Holbrook, Arizona; Marie de L. Welch of San Francisco; Ronald Everson of Toronto, Canada; Blanche Taylor Dickinson, who lives in Pennsylvania; Charles Divine, New York book reviewer; Clifford Gessler of Honolulu, Hawaii; Dorothy Leonard of Oneida, New York; Verne Bright of Beaverton, Oregon; Louise Guyol Owen of Concord, New Hampshire; Hazel Gilman George of Des Moines, Iowa; Marion Beecher of Atlantic City, New Jersey; and Albert Clements from Hudson, N. Y.

GOOD WIFE

"All day long
I been slapping suds.
Money making's mine—
Money spendin's Bud's.

"Folks keep asting,
How could I
Let a man black as Bud
Take my eye.
I keep rubbing
'Till my po' head swim.
'Tain't worthwhile to answer
'Cause Bud ain't courted thim!"
—BLANCHE TAYLOR DICKINSON.

TREATISE ON PHILOSOPHY

Olympus varies, as the god-like bards
Serenely wearing laurels (some askew)
Prefer it perfumed, pastoral, fresh, and new
As Eden, or, with Bacchus and his pards,
Prefer it riotous.

Nirvana varies. It is not the same
When restless Schopenhauer talks in his sleep
And grumbles old invective, pained and deep—
When Buddha smiles at some remembered shame
Of youth. How tolerantly!

The Absolute? It changes in the eye
Of every system-monger. It is said
That gazing on its vacuous whiteness, dead
Emptiness of Logic, one would die
For warmth of tombstone.

—HAZEL GILMAN GEORGE.

APOLOGY FOR AN ADVENTURE

Forgive my giving without love the gift
Of love alone;
O love, forgive my taking without love
What was love's own.

Forgive my having known you as a song,
A flower, a moment's fire;
Forgive my having taken beauty softly,
Lightly, without desire.

—MARIE DE L. WELCH.

ARGOSIES

A book, I think, is strangely like a boat;
Its builder never knows to whose command
His craft may fall, nor to what port remote,
Yet knows that if he build it staunch to stand
The billows and the barnacles of years,
He may survey the ages with a smile
At blasts of critics and of mutineers,
And futile tempests of capricious style.

Some men build freighters bulked with ponderous
words
And some build tugs with engines in the hold;
But some build schooners, swift as scudding birds,
Glowing with grapes and spice and Ophir's gold—
These are the deathless ones whose white-winged
stream
Sails flaming down the future like a dream!

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

A WISH FROM ONE WHO IS WEARY

Others may give you every lovely thing
That fancy can create, or fingers bring;
Colors and song, and palaces and hearts,
The Seven Oceans and the Seven Arts,
The bottled scents of Babylonia's gardens;
For all desirable sins, all gracious pardons.
Others may give you all fair things but one—
Sweeter than flowers, enriching as the sun,
Like water mystical and blue and deep:
I wish you nothing lovelier than sleep.

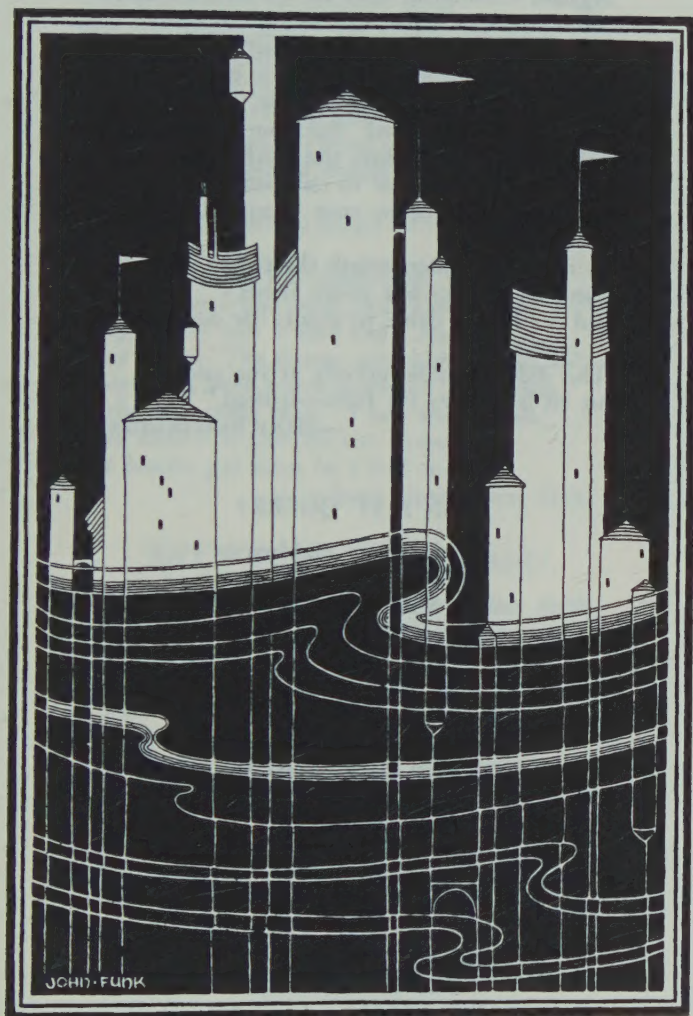
—LOUISE GUYOL OWEN.

IN AN ANCIENT TOWN

Moons I share as best I'm knowing,
None to waste have I,
Matching heartbreak with another
Waiting for a cry.

Years have rusted roof and tavern—
Oh, I beg of you
Take my love or go without it—
Either one will do!

—CHARLES DIVINE.



SUNKEN CITY

By John Funk

An Illustration for LYONNESSE

By Gladys Bagg Taber.

Now Ready.

AND THIS, ALSO, IS VANITY

"Against Columbian skies an unclaimed space,
Untouched by shadow, bare of wall or dome!
There you shall find a refuge; there shall place
Temples more exquisite than those of Rome.
Cleaving your path a dark abyss, oppressed
With clouds and storm! But you—if you rebel—
Shall pass like gods above the black unrest
And tread the rainbow to our citadel.
Brave men, tear down your tarnished, faltering
throne;
Let crimson banners splash the paling skies;
Reject all majesty but youth alone;
And train your babes to shout, 'Be done with
lies!' " . . .
"This did we, Solon, bravely as you said;
But all is vanity; for faith—is dead."

—MARY BARRINGTON.

ISN'T IT QUEER?

Martha loved children
With all of her heart,
But Mary was married
And Mary loved art.

So, Martha wondered
But could not decide,
Since Mary was married
Why Mary sighed.

Mary, perplexed, said
She could not see
Why Martha was sad
When she was carefree.

Martha, unwedded,
Died unreconciled;
She would have been glad
With a man and a child.

Mary, much married,
Died yearly in part;
Her children were shabby,
And so was her art.

—NANCY TELFAIR.

THIS IS THE HOUR—

This is the hour of all most kind,
The thin young moon goes clad in white,
And how the warm earth smiles to find
The long cool fingers of the night—
This is the hour of all most sweet,
Because there walks abroad in it
The dusk, on slender sandaled feet—

And on their porches people sit—

They talk—"He ain't been doin' well,
Went out and borrowed more this mornin'—"
They talk—"Mis' Fuller had a spell—"
They talk—"The doctor give him warnin'—"
They creak with gusty yawns—"Them men
With mops come back. I said we had one."
They talk—"Is that his car *again*?
The Morris girl must be a bad one—"

—SARA HENDERSON HAY.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND

Such freedom will not flower from this earth
for life is bitter and harsh and cruel at best;
if I have given you comfort of my breast
and clasp of hands at twilight, let the dearth
of wilder freer things that cry for birth
be sung to silence with the subtle art
of kindness that steals away the smart
of bonds that make a dungeon of a hearth.

Know, as you pass your hand across my hair
such freedom will not flower from this ground
seeded with captive loves and deeply drowned
under dark seas of suffering and writ
with words that burn a judgment in the air:
life is a prison: make the best of it!

—CLIFFORD GESSLER.

REVELATION

Your *yes* appalls—one of your cooler graces—
I've seen that look come over selfish faces
Of women leading little dogs that pattered
On leashes through the streets as if it mattered.

—CHARLES DIVINE.

BALLAD OF THE MOLD

"What do you hold in your hand, good sir?"

"A mold that fell from a tree."

"And what are these signs so strangely carved
With elfin mystery?"

His lean dark finger slowly traced
Each curving character.

"Does it promise a lad for a lass," she cried,

"Or a song in the heart of her?"

"Wish what ye will, my lass," he said.

"Will ye have good gifts of the mind?"

Will ye have a dark-eyed lover lad,

Or your apron pockets lined

With coins of silver and gold?

Say which ye will have of the three."

"I'll none of your lads," she cried, grown bold;

"I know him you'll wish for me!

"Last night he'd a smile for Jenny Lynn,

Today a kiss for Mary;

And all of your wishing won't change a lad,

Nor my heart from being wary.

"Six coppers I have, and a-plenty

To buy me some meat and a crust.

I'll have my thoughts into golden words

That will shine when my heart is dust."

Mutely, the lean dark finger traced

The last strange character—

"Will you keep a lass waiting your word," she
cried,

"Till you torture the heart of her?"

" 'Coins are soon sold and love grows cold'—

It is written, lass, as ye said;

Ye shall have your thoughts into golden words

That will shine when you're old and dead."

—MARION E. BEECHER.

TYRANNY

Defeated nature wears man's bitter bridle

And answers slow and sullen to his quirt;

And he who strives forever to be idle

Commands that all his minions be alert.

—A. M. SULLIVAN.

MAY MYSTERY

This is no common hush. No common moon
Stands at the evening's door while crickets neigh.
The Pillar of Flame floats down the afternoon,
Lost in the purple miracle of May.
Hard by a stream which may be Lethe's stream,
Lost, we too wander in the grapesweet wood,
Bewildered captives dungeoned in a dream,
Children of death cradled in solitude.

As slow the mullioned panes of larch and pine
Die from the red cathedral of the dusk,
We shudder in lush glory at our shrine,
Enmeshed in fumes of stupefying musk,
Like Gods returned from maudlin centuries
To salvage tears from gone Gethsemanes.

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

FROG

In a solution of formaldehyde
He lay inert and cold, while we dissected
His white satin belly and erected
Our microscopes to view his red inside.
Lifting out this and that which seemed so human,
We soon came to his large heart beating yet.

A year ago, that, but I can't forget
His shapely legs, reminding me of woman.

Less cannibal am I now than I was
When, as a barefoot child, I waded deep
Into the lily ponds and with hand's sweep
Caught the crouched amphibians in a doze,
Ripped off green satin costumes pied with tan
And watched fat legs throb in a frying pan.

—MAX AUBREY GOODLEY.

SOPHISTICATION

*A very hard green little peach, he mused,
Unmellowed yet by life, and like as not
Never to ripen; but the place he bruised
Developed from his touch a rotten spot.*

—GRACE STONE COATES.



FOG

Nothing ahead, nothing behind:
We'd see not less were our eyes blind.

Trembling fingers reach to feel
Surrounding prison walls of steel.

Curtains of steel imprison thus,
Steel and yet diaphonous.

Gossamer wisps of overfloat
Fill our eyes and fill our throat,

Beating closer, wave on wave,
With moldering odor of the grave,

With strangle-hold of burial pit
For our especial benefit.

Overhead a fog-horn moans
In creepy-chilling undertones

As though a dozen knots away;
And there is nothing we can say,

And there is nothing we can do
Against an enemy veiled from view

Whom we can neither touch nor see,
Trapped in minute immensity.

Sound of churning at the keel
Comes to our ears remote, unreal;

Swinging lamps that fall and rise
Deepen the gloom with eerie eyes;

The unceasing siren drives a pain
Relentlessly into the brain;

Fog-muffled sound of crying bell
(A lost soul vanishing in hell,

An angel in delirium,
A life of life too burdensome)

Calls, and we are powerless;
Pleads, and we can only press

Helpless upon the unseen hand
Whose scummy fingers leave their brand

Upon our souls, until the fog
Seems life's forewitnessed epilogue,

Until you seem not you, nor I
A figure we could justify

In human form: we are outside
The bodies where we used to hide

Our puerile taste and paltry sin
Defying the soul's discipline;

And through new eyes we see, aghast,
How we are naked, stripped at last

Of heavy-laden fiction shelves
Built to secrete our real selves;

Stripped of the wall of steel we made
To hide us from our eyes, afraid

To meet self past impermanent
Curtain of fog. But now is spent

Self-deception, and we see
Ourselves our only enemy.

And whatsoever else we find
Is seen by eyes within the mind.

And other knowledge that we reach
Prisoning walls of mist can teach.

Phantoms through revealing surge
Of fog take mental form, emerge.

And cut the picture clean and true,
Till you see me, I see you

And each beholds himself. For this
Make your own analysis. . . .

Billows of fog roll from the ship,
Unloose our throat and leave our lip

And melt beneath the rush of sun.
The moan of siren horn is done.

Clear to the eye, the waves unroll
Under our feet, and soon the whole

Sea is a molten gilded blaze
Shriveling lean last wisps of haze.

You look at me, I look at you,
And both know what a fog can do.

No word, but comprehendingly
I look at you, you look at me,

And then turn to our deckhand chores.
The sea laughs, the sea roars. . . .

—BENJAMIN MUSSER.

STRANGE VISITOR

The wind has crept under the fence and is
Piling over my window sills. I do
Not know just what it wants. I have nothing
And there is nothing on my farm but this
Old house and the graves up on the hill.

My father

Used to say that if the wind ever came
Up from the north meadow and under the fence
Down back of our old barn, a Sias was
Going to die.

I hear the wind tonight.

I smell the clover from the north meadow,
And the brook by the fence back of the barn.
I don't know what it wants, I'm sure!
It's just like any other summer night,
Only a little quieter and warmer
Than most others. I can't make out at all
What that wind wants tonight, when I'm alone.

—ALBERT EDWARD CLEMENTS.

THE RIDERS

Two men rode down by Raglan
Twenty years ago;
They brought a mare to Markham fair
To try her at the show.

Two men rode down by Raglan
In that remote September:
So very gay and young were they
It hurts me to remember.

—RONALD EVERSON.

CLOUDS

In the oven of the sky
Half a dozen white clouds lie,
Round above and flat below:
Who is baking I don't know.

Well, whoever put them there
In the oven of the air,
Better dampen down the sun
Before the batch is over-done.

—RONALD EVERSON.

IN HIS IMAGE

You cannot take a nation and impeach it,
But . . . write to hell? A two-cent stamp will
reach it.

A looking-glass is most satirical
(But fact's less credible than miracle.)

So penny-whistles may be Roland's horns
I tell myself, bemoaning unicorns
Have proved but ponderous rhinoceri,
While noting where three churches pierce the sky
With dollar-mark, instead of crucifix,
Inscribed to Judas, lord of politics.
Not bells but silver dollars ring the peal
While priests mouth much of peace yet bless cold
steel.

In hell not Cupid but cupidity
Arouses hearts from bland stupidity.
I know for I have watched wheels operate
Stooped men and women early until late,
And fancied they might shed fat tears of oil
For humans made mechanical by toil.
On crawling hands of clocks I have descried
Young children, men and women crucified.
I pass a grave-yard. "Fools," I hear them say;
The dead condole the live more dead than they.
"The dead?" you say, "I thought you spoke of
hell!"

The birth-cry is a sort of requiem bell;
And people are their graves, their prison-bars.
They wound themselves and then lament their
scars.

When lovers look into beloveds' eyes
They see themselves alone if girls be wise.
But babies peering in a looking-glass
See other children smile at them and pass;
While drunkards note two things where sober one.
Perhaps Apollo and Apollyon,
The made and maker, God and mortal merge
In eyes mature and clear. Eh, Demi-Urge?

—RALPH CHEYNEY.

RESIGNATION

I've served this God for twenty-seven years
And shall not others be its ministers,—
Gather the fagot-pyre and pile the furze,
And sacrifice their fattest, fittest steers?
I'm tired of oxen-blood and smoke and smears,
Of wreathen bullock-humps and tails with burrs,
Of groves and gold and grateful worshipers,
Of sandal shoon and praying charioteers.
Oh, let me lay my garment on a laurel
And occupy some distant, ancient den;
Be neither apostate nor too meekly moral,
But one of Nature's earthly, common men
Who grub for nuts and sour their teeth on sorrel—
And never see a God descend again!

—DOROTHY LEONARD.

OF WOUNDS AND SORE DEFEAT

Now that this surging blood's hot conflagration
Has consumed the demon of my ancient pride
And left my heart a place of fiery ashes,
My ruddy ardor will not be denied.

And though I go by hill or valley lands
Threading the magic hieroglyph of stones,
I hear you call . . . the old desire of you
Is a mad fever chattering in my bones.

And though I go by myriad-peopled cities,
Bruised and weary-broken, sore oppressed. . . .
I cannot escape the inevitable moment
That I must seek the shelter of your breast.

—VERNE BRIGHT.

jeremiad

at the big tom montana speakeasy
was sad unhappy men drunk
men who weep imbibingly
letoff steam, cussing demigods
plutarchians at work play
and holdup. america is a chicago
bandit marching to columbia
hog of the ocean, cheer
you lumberjacks, ditchdiggers
while the godhead goes by
still children raise trusting beliefs
for capital to work upon.

—NORMAN MACLEOD.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK

Cavender's House, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan. \$2.00)

Reverting to that dark and desperate introspection which has been so characteristic of his genius, Robinson unfolds in his exquisitely qualified ritual a dialogue between Cavender and his Psyche who was in the flesh represented by Laramie, his sweetheart whom he has murdered. It is a typical Robinsonian situation, with all of the traditional effects; the moving motif is again the black and inscrutable blindness by which our lives are bounded. . . . Cavender the man against the sky, who has died twice, can hardly be conceived as a progressive triumph of characterization, inasmuch as he resembles more than anything else a refrain composed of Robinson's other heroes. And the personality of Laramie is innocuously nebulous; our only picture of her is through the dilated eyes of Cavender, a very Hamlet of midnight madness.

Robinson's style is as usual ceremonious and affecting; but there are fewer passages of intense poetry in this new work than there were in the more romantic *Tristram*. The situation, involving as it does a modern man puzzled and thwarted by the mazes of heredity and environment, does not permit eloquent or colorful description; and if it did, Robinson would probably have omitted it. . . . The drama is silent and somber; the verse like the story is finely intellectual yet without complete culmination. It is full of the usual appended "ifs and ors" which make this tragedian's poems move with a sure falter, a wavering certainty, a groping inevitability. . . . Surely Cavender's house is a house of many mansions, but dark.

Angels and Earthly Creatures, by Elinor Wylie (Alfred Knopf. \$2.50)

Eloquently prescient of death is this last volume of verses by one who was in many respects the greatest American woman poet to flower in the past decade. From her exquisitely artful though sometimes artificial sonnets to the Sapphic satire in some of her closing elegies, there runs a strain of premeditated mystical innocence that is iniquitously bewildering and beautiful. "Chimaera Sleeping," redolent of Donne and Blake and Keats, is one of the few contemporary examples of that grasp of Medieval amazement which has produced "pure poetry." The facility with which assonance and consonance are manipulated to achieve new technical harmonies, is in itself no mean achievement, opening as it does fresh vistas into which the poets of our future may explore. That Elinor Wylie has increased beyond measure her battlement against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in this her last ambush with eternity, cannot be doubted. Her work richly deserves to live.

The Hamlet of A. MacLeish (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50)

The modern mind, enamored of complexities, finds few voices which at one and the same moment grasp the subtle psychological aspects of cerebration and the salty substance of fleshly sensation. But MacLeish, with his almost primitive infatuation for strong biting Anglo-Saxon, does not limit himself to the modern mind; he takes us through the cavernous labyrinths of atavistic inheritance. . . . Beyond his rather involved contents there is the fact that he has a style of great and aggressive intensity, a style which is at once new as the disjunctive method which he gleans from Joyce, and old as the bawdy metaphor he purloins from Beowulf. MacLeish's work is enigmatic and original, but his themes perhaps too introspective.

The Long Leash, by Jessica Nelson North (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50)

Like gusty silver with a tall grace stands the poetry of Jessica North, more like a lombardy poplar in April than anything else. It has taken the fine fragrance of the earth and made it into small leaves of beaten argent by natural alchemy; it is not an oak tree. It is too gentle and too easily bent for an oak tree; but it is lithe and intrepidly tender. Every tiny word that is a leaf is carefully culled out of the heart of the tree, and represents something of that intimate flowering of the consciousness which is peculiar to the art of women lyricists who are at the same time sincere emotionalists and intellectual craftsmen. Jessica North belongs to that group of studious and talented women who in our day make minor poetry something definitely commendable.

Children of Fire and Shadow, by Lucia Trent (Robt. Packard & Co., Chicago. \$2.00)

There is a brave felicity about the lyrics of Lucia Trent, especially those which capture from a woman's slender but firm viewpoint the elemental factors of love and passion; she is not afraid of sex or satire, and her verses have generally a considerable pith as well as a poignant acidity. Especially in the short lyric of two to four stanzas, wherein the full, fresh-flowing ardor of young womanhood reaches an almost militant stride, is her poetry successful. . . . It is a pity that she has sometimes departed from following after her inborn gift in a desire to disseminate propaganda, worthy though the motive and some of the verses may be. This tendency is aptly illustrated in her well-known "Banners of Rebellion," which has a rather difficult rhythm and is for the most part rhyme that fails to achieve complete passion from a technical lack of restraint; even more foreign to her natural gift if "A White Woman Speaks," which has an adequate conclusion marred by an overflow of sentiment which is nearer invective than vigor. . . . Let it not be thought that Lucia Trent's satire is generally unsuccessful; let it rather be said that she is very frequently capable of a delicate but severe irony, from which only an overflow of emotion causes her occasionally to deviate.

Ballyhoo for a Mendicant, by Carlton Talbott (*Horace Liveright*. \$2.00)

Here is one of Shakespeare's fools, returning from Flanders' Fields to haunt us with quaint, playful audacity. Here is a vendor from Vanity Fair, feeding us cheese and persimmons with the grace of Harlequin and the perversity of Pan; and here and there is a nougat or a caramel for a sweet morsel under the tongue which is in the cheek. . . . Mr. Talbott has succeeded admirably in reviving with toothsome glee the nonsense which is so integral a part of wisdom. If sometimes his rather ribald and rowdy muse galavants too rapidly, let us excuse him, remembering that jesters like gods must nod. . . .

A Stranger and Afraid, by Ted Olson (*Yale Univ. Press*. \$1.25)

"We shall go laughing," says Ted Olson, wrapping himself in asbestos to hide the fires that eat him. And it is Olson's belief that we shall laugh down the stars and the gods, not with stultified optimism but with the sardonic hilarity of the triumphant cynic. . . . The will to rebel is like brimstone in this book; even the love poems are the cries of youth bereft of creed and illusion, fighting for some blinding revelation which has not yet come . . . which may never come. And in this, Olson's voice is the voice of the Moderns, and especially of the present generation of young intellectuals, whose standard-bearer is De Casseres. Like De Casseres, this poet has learned the glamor of caustic words; if he develops them with a corresponding philosophic expansion, we may expect him to join the front rank of American satirists in the Nietzschean tradition. Power to him!

Women's Poetry Today, An Anthology selected by Lewis Worthington Smith (*Geo. Sully*. \$2.50)

Nothing could come nearer to convincing us about the veracity of Robert Graves' predications on anthologies, than such a collection as this. . . . The foreword by Prof. Smith sounds reasonable enough, though rather too evident; but his selections and omissions are both quite eccentric. We shall not cavil with his omission of Miss Teasdale, as he offers what may be in some quarters considered an adequate excuse; we shall, however, complain at the blissful Passover which omits such leading women poets as Mary Brent Whiteside, Elinor Wylie, Jessica Nelson North, Lucia Trent, Elizabeth Coatsworth, and Genevieve Taggard. Recognition is given to a number of unfamiliar names, a few of whom seem to deserve it; but many of the ladies are not above Charlotte Perkins Gilman's rhymes of "so slow" with "long ago," and "wars" with "cause." The few good poems in the collection are held strictly to earth by the ballast of banality in many others; it looks bad for our women poets!

The Craft of Poetry, by Clement Wood (*E. P. Dutton & Co.*, New York)

A sound elementary textbook on the writing of verse in English is Clement Wood's rather compendious volume, despite its lack of complete integration and its tendency to divagate into strange places.

The chief value of the book lies in the direct personal critical experience which Wood brings to bear upon his subject and in his militant modernity of attitude. Inasmuch as the majority of books on technique are written from a pedantic bias, this honest, though sometimes prejudiced, discussion has a flavor of individuality and vitality. . . . Among the diverting theories offered by this poet, one is preeminently mentionable—the belief that poets write primarily to express suppressed desires! What price Freud, O wind in the Wood? . . . Anyhow, we wish that at least half of the people who send *maniascript* to BOZART would read this book—and weep.

Machinery, by MacKnight Black (*Horace Liveright*. \$2.00)

Interpreting turbines and dynamos with a rhythmic and at times passionate idiom, this descriptive verse is much more fragrant and fruitful than the majority of such attempts. There is no especially impressive philosophical content in Mr. Black's verse, though by his plastic and gusty metaphors he frequently lends a new glamor to city streets and factory wheels, to plunging engines and whirring motors, enveloping them with the rich aromas of turf and loam, sky and thundering sea. . . . With more intellectual content the book would be an important step toward evaluation of our machine age.

Who's Who Among N. Amer. Authors (Golden Syndicate Pub. Co., Los Angeles.)

This third volume of Mr. Lawrence's *Who's Who* is a valuable book for poets, authors, and literary workers in general; it is not infallibly inclusive, but it has a wealth of accurate material in it, covering the years 1927-28. We congratulate the publishers on making the book a cyclopedia where representation does not require a cash deposit.

Some Poetry Brochures

Our friends the poets seem to have recently acquired a fever for putting their verses in pamphlets; the fever is, in fact, a veritable epidemic. The best pamphlet to come our way is *Progression and Other Poems* by A. M. Sullivan (Chisholm Press, New York); this booklet contains epigrammatic verse which ranges from the clever to the cantankerous. The "Christmas Up-to-Date" illustrates Sullivan's satire at its best; much of the verse is merely rhymed experiment. . . . *My Horses Are Grasshoppers* is the apt title of Gordon Lawrence's brochure also from the Chisholm Press. This poet, most effective in the retrospective and grotesque, finds original expression in his free verse such as "Cricket" and "Landscape." Another small booklet of interest is *New Moon* by J. Graydon Jeffries, containing more of the delicate but fragmentary lyrics of this Indiana poet. . . . Two of the extension bulletins of the University of North Carolina have been sent us: "Recent Poetry From the South" in which Addison Hibbard tries to stir up interest in his anthology *The Lyric South*; and *Contemporary Southern Literature*, a far more progressive and comprehensive survey, by Howard Mumford Jones. . . . An *Anthology of Student Verse for 1928* from the Los Angeles (Cal.) High School contains some very

promising work, especially that of Josephine Miles, Grover Jacoby, and Richard Goldstone; there is, of course, much that is trite. . . . *Consider the Poets* is a little privately printed discussion of the Poet's Workshop, by Anton Romatka of New York, suggestive of his work with the Labor Temple Poetry Forum. . . . A tiny descriptive reading list entitled *Pegasus in the South*, compiled by Clyde Pettus of the Atlanta Carnegie Library, is as random and inexpert as such things generally are. . . .

BOZART QUATRAIN CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, announces a prize of \$10 cash and a second prize of \$5 in books, for the best rhymed quatrain published in BOZART during the year 1929.

BOZART SATIRE CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a prize of \$25 for the best satiric poem of not more than forty lines, written in the Heroic Couplet (iambic pentameter, rhyming), and dealing with a contemporary American scene. Only poems accepted and published in Volume Two of BOZART, September, 1928—July, 1929, are eligible for this award.

FLORIDA BOOK PRIZE

For the best poem by a bona fide resident of the state of Florida, published in the next issue (July-August) of BOZART, the editor offers the following prize of books; one copy each, of: *The Peddler of Dreams*, by Eliz. Davis Richards (Broder); *Farther Fairer Seas*, by Katherine Shepard; *Amyrl*, by Beatrice Payne Morgan; *Lifted Torches*, by Evelyn M. Watson (Erskine McDonald); *Elegy*, by Roy Robert; and *Bowls of Phantasy*, by Flora B. Hendricks (Packard). Value, \$7.50.

DEAN POETRY PRIZE

Dean & Company, book publishers, are offering a prize of \$25.00 for the best poem received before September 1st, 1929. The winning poem will be published in the 1929 edition of "FIFTY POEMS BY AMERICAN POETS."

There are no restrictions as to theme, style or length of poems. Address all manuscripts to "Poetry Editor," Dean & Company, 246 Fifth Ave., New York City.

NATURE POEM CONTEST

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Writers' Club offers a first prize of \$20 and a second prize of \$10 for nature poems submitted before November 1st. Full details may be had from Mrs. John H. Cantrell, Chairman, 821 Vine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

\$50 LYRIC CONTEST

The Poetry Society of Virginia announces a \$50 prize donated by Elkanah East Taylor, for the best lyric not over 100 lines submitted by June first. Further information may be had from Mrs. John D. Leitch, Lynnhaven, Va.